

Stanley Uris Awakening by HorsepowerHateart

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Summary: What ever Stan had been trying to accomplish, it sure went wrong.

Stanley Uris Awakening

I

„Is this necessary?" Bill asked with tears in his eyes, his bandaged hand pointing at the pitiful figure behind the observation window.

"I am afraid it is" said the man in white gown whose badge identified him as Dr. Beaulieu. "This no normal case, if there is anything like a `normal case` like that. You know, most of the time these are cries for help and the person *wants* to be rescued. But not your friend, he was determined."

Bill swallowed hard. He knew. Stan had not theatrically positioned himself on the roof and threatened to jump or anything like that. He had tried to rip out his own throat.

Bill Denbrough was standing limply under the cold neon lights in the the emergency corridor at Juniper Hill, once more gathering his composure.

He knew. But it almost hurt him more to see his friend lying there, all doped up and strapped to that bed than it had hurt him to see Stan writhing in his own blood.

Slowly, after these hours of rush and tension, fatigue began to creep up on him. He wanted to sleep,

close his eyes for this nightmare to end. But he wouldn't even dare. The pictures would come back, even more sharp and detailed than they had been in real live.

How he rode his bike to Stan's house on this November afternoon, just to check on him. And of course he was curious about this mysterious girlfriend.

How he had found Stan with that knife in his hand.

How he screamed at him "Stan what *are* you doing!"

How he wrestled the bigger boy down, wrenching that goddam knife

out of his hand, not even feeling the cut as the blade slipped.

How he sat on the floor, bleeding, catching his breath, just for one moment.

How Stan`s hands went for his own throat.

And those screams. Those screams of utter desperation and agony.

"I`ve phoned Mr. and Mrs. Uris again. They will catch the next plain but they won`t be here before midday tomorrow:"

Zack Denbrough walked up them with a shaky smile directed at Bill.

The Doctor simply nodded. He knew right away this father would not be of much help. He had attentively noted, how Denbrough`s first reaction on entering the consulting room, instead of simply taking his son into his arms was to ask all kinds of technical questions. Oh, he had helped contacting the parents, talked to nurses and acted on Stanley`s behalf quite intelligently. But he had hardly spoken a word to this thin, even fragile looking boy who seemed totally lost in the gravity of the situation. As a psychiatrist with 20 plus years experience, Beaulieu saw a long, sad story just by looking at this man so awkwardly placing his hand on his son`s shoulder who hardly showed any reaction.

"Will he..." began Bill.

"His physical injuries are not that bad. But I`m afraid we have to keep him sedated for a while before we can even begin to try to find out how we can actually help."

"Can I..."

"Stay?" The doctor asked, allowing a touch of compassion to mix with his well trained professionalism. "Stanley is safe for now. At the moment we can` t do anything else for him. Nor can you. Take rest. But if you feel able and inclined to talk to someone, there `s always a pair of open ears around here. That `s our job after all."

Bill nodded. Yes, he needed to talk. Badly.

"Just because I'm a bookworm doesn't mean I can read each and every book!" complained Ben frustratedly closing that yellowed tome with the strange letters they had found on Stan's desk.

"Oh, Mr. Nerdboy can't even read foreign bookies, can he?" mocked Richie.

"I doubt if you can read an English newspaper" came Eddie's predictable retort, but it lacked heart.

"At least I can breath on my own" snapped Richie automatically. But he also was not really in it.

"Guys. Could you please shut up? Just for now? This is serious."

Ben was right. After Bill's call he had spread the bad news to the other losers and since Bill had made it very clear that visitors were unwelcome at this point, they decided to meet at Stan's house to... Well, not to have to sit at home and do nothing basically. Perhaps they would find something that would help them understand what had happened.

Stan had always been a kind of a recluse, even from his friends and when he wanted to be left alone everybody respected that, just as they had for the last few days. When he had serious problems – more serious than usual that is – he would eventually talk to somebody, usually Bill, and things would work out fine. So when Stan, with his parents out of the way for a few days, wanted to be on his own instead of throwing wild parties, everybody was okay with that. Especially after Bill had hinted it might have something to do with a girl.

Now they sat in the stately Neo Colonial villa, the Uris family called their home, in an also quite out-of-any-kind-of-fashion room, which looked more like a retired high school teacher's armchairstudy than the lair of a 16 year old boy. By god, Stan even had an armchair in here! And a carpet. Felt! Green felt! Only thing missing was a fireplace, probably because the smoke and soot would only untidy the place.

Presently, and probably just to fill the awkward silence, Eddie

complained about all and nothing.

"Guys, seriously. This is not right. We should not even be here, poking around. This is like burglary. I mean... I should be at home by now..."

"Yeah, eating your mom`s..."

"Richie!"

"Icecream" the joker finished with a diabolical grim.

"This is sick and disgusting you..."

"Would you please. Shut. The Fuck. Up!" It hardly ever happened that Ben yelled at his friends and he swore even more seldom, and this showed how nervous he was right now. "I don`t need your foolery right now, I want to find out what Stan was doing here for the last couple of days."

"Except for masturbating you mean?"

Silence

"Okay, okay. Inappropriate. I get it. I`m sorry" Richie waved his hands in surrender. Hearing him apologize for a stupid joke was another marker for the severity of the situation.

"What about Mike by the way?" asked Eddie to change the subject.

"He said he`d come but it would take him a while. Has to deliver some stuff on the way."

"Anything else? Did he hear from Stan since Sunday?"

"Only that he`d bought some meat from grandpa Hanlon. An entire lamb actually."

"Ah. Providing a soothing odor for THE LORD for Yom Kippur he was!" announced Richie in what he deemed a great Charlton Heston imitation, just because he remembered the voice from that Bible movie.

"Yom Kippur was in September this year and in fact... ah forget it!" Ben interrupted himself when he realised his friend would not even listen and turned his attention back to that volume before him to see if he could at least make something of the title.

"Earnestly I can't help with that. I mean, I know the letters all right. But I hardly understand a word of that lingo."

That lingo was apparently Hebrew, which was practically Greek to all of them.

"Samek... Fe...Resch... Saf... Sefer. Sefer means `book`..."

"A book entitled book! Ain't that great?"

"It goes on. Jatz... Jetz... Jetzij..." Ben gave up. This was leading nowhere. So under the sceptical eyes of his friends he began to search through the drawers in Stan's desk. Yes, this was not exactly okay, but these were special circumstances. He just had to figure out some things.

"If we could alt least find a phone number or something of that girlfriend he kept talking about, so we could contact her" mused Eddie.

"All sing Hallelujah when she comes" grunted Richie sarcastically while Ben continued his rummaging.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh come on. Earnestly now. He kept talking about this chick for weeks and nobody ever met her. I mean, maybe she is ugly or something. But really, I don't think she even exists. The poor guy just went coocoo, you know? That's the whole mystery."

"Maybe" mumbled Eddie chewing on his lips. "And don't you think it might have something to with something?"

"Like what?"

"Like those virgin jokes you always throw at him? At me too of course, but I don't care. Stan took that more serious I think. And with all these made up adventures you kept bragging about?"

"Made up?!"

"Oh come on!" Ben waved his hands at him "Do you really think anybody takes any of your shit serious?"

"Except for Stan" objected Eddie. " He has a problem wit irony and lying and all that stuff. He's smart for sure but he does not really get the concept I guess. So with all of that talk in his face he might have felt..."

"Wait a minute. Where are going with this?" Richie eyed the smaller boy suspiciously.

"Nowhere so far. I'm just saying you could sometimes..."

"Just say it then!"

Their quarrels hardly ever came anywhere close to physical engagement but at this moment, with Richie trying to puff up his scrawny chest and Eddie raising on his tiptoes to get his eyes somewhere near stare-challenge position, this began to look dangerous. In other circumstances Ben might have found this funny, or even cute, but right here and now it was just unnerving. Buddy brawl in Uris Manor was the very last thing they needed, so he was more than happy when he finally found something to distract his wrangling friends.

"Hey squabblers, just before you kill each other. Look at that. Stan's notebook!"

III

"It's a...all m...my fault" stammered Bill, now full-on crying. After half an hour of recapitulating - under many a sob and tons of snot - today's stressful events, this was his inevitable conclusion.

Both he and the doctor were sitting in one of these carefully designed make-traumatized-youngsters-feel-at-home-rooms. He had seen one or two of those after that fateful summer and had learned to hate them. Quiet colors were not soothing, they were annoying, goddammit! But what the fuck, the doctor ad offered himself as an emotional ashtray, which after all *was* indeed his job.

"What do you mean? What exactly is your fault?" Dr. Beaulieu asked in his patient but probing voice.

"That... that he d...did ... this of course!" Bill got mad at the stupid question. Didn't that idiot listen? The anger pushed him out of his sobbing and, prompted by the first question after thirty minutes of rambling on, he was beginning to think more clearly as he had to put his feelings into complete sentences.

"Okay, as I... t-told you before, Stan's p-parents are at this Talmud

symposium in Los Angeles. His d-dad is a R...abbi, you know. Stan didn't want to c-come with them and they agreed un-under the premise that he `d stay at my place. My f-folks were okay with that, but we told them, it would only be for the weekend. N- not the whole week."

Beaulieu raised an eyebrow, questioning.

"Well... Stan s-said he wanted to be on his own for a w-while and I didn't think a-anything of it. He was – he *is* – just l-like that. A bit...bit of a loner s-sometimes. Likes to watch b-birds and read books... Stuff like that... And I... I thought he w-wanted to spend some time with his girlfriend" ended Bill, lowering his voice, blushing a little.

Dr. Beaulieu just nodded. He knew that story. Boys covering each other's back, to get some free space... Maybe this was just a failed romance thing after all. The boy before him had come to a halt, so he had to give him another gentle shove.

"Okay I get that, both of you had that charade going on, lying to parents... yes. But what do you think this has to do with Stanley's condition?"

Bill had to think for a moment. For the last few hours he had very much acted on autopilot and was only now beginning to put his thoughts in order.

"I-I sh...i should ha...have looked a...fter him. I should have n...noticed something was... was wrong."

"Was there anything to notice?"

Bill grimaced slightly but answered nothing.

"You said Stanley acted in his normal way and that he had a good reason that he wanted to be for himself. Or at least something that both of you deemed a `good reason`. Right?"

"Yyyes."

"And you *did* look after him. As soon as you felt something could be wrong. You are a great friend, Bill and you acted very responsibly today. You checked on your friend, saved his life, even risked your own health" Beaulieu made a little gesture to the bandage on Bills

hand.. "You gave first help, called an ambulance, informed your parents... In circumstances like these a lot of people, who are older and more experienced than you just fail because they can not handle the emotional stress. I see things like that very often, believe me. But only seldom do I see someone do everything right like you did today."

"Earnestly?"

"Earnestly. Please do not blame yourself for things beyond your control. What ever caused his problems, it sure was not you letting him be for three days. Maybe we can at one point find out what it was and help Stanley out of it. But for now try to be fair to yourself. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Just one thing I need to know, about this girlfriend you mentioned. She wasn't around, was she?"

"No."

"Well, eventually we will have to seek her out. Can you help us with that?"

"No, not really. I never met her."

Beaulieu raised his eyebrows again, but he saw he had to let it be for now. The boy was just beginning to cool down a little bit and should not be strained any more. He would prescribe some light sedative to secure him a quiet night, a couple of days off school would...

There was a knock at the door, sounding urgent.

"Yes, please."

A distressed looking hospital aide peeked in.

"He's awake, Doctor.. He's ... We just can't calm him down."

Bill rushed out before the doctor could hold him back.

While darkness gathered outside and autumn mists crept slowly through the gardens, the three losers stuck their heads together in the light of Stanley's super-vintage Thomas Edison Style desklamp, poring over what appeared to be at least a partial translation of the ancient tome. Complete with parsing and marginal notes it might have provided a fascinating read (for certain interest groups), but did not seem to be of much help for the boys.

"Book of the Forming, Sefer Jetzirah from יֶצְרָה to form, Form or Creation" Ben began skimming through the text.

"...he hath formed, weighed, transmuted, composed, and created with these twenty-two letters every living being, and every soul yet uncreated..."

"Ah..."

"In the first hour, his dust was gathered; in the second, it was kneaded into a shapeless mass..."

"Motherfucker!" exclaimed Richie. "His dad should give the poor bastard a break! If I had to read shit like that, I would kill myself for sure!"

"You speak much weirder shit from the top of your head sometimes!"

"Sssh let me go through this real quick! The three mother letters ה , נ , ו , represent the Microcosm of the Human form..."

There was a certain magnetism to this text. It was some sort of a creation account obviously, but not anything alike the familiar one. This was full of numbers and weird mathematics. And it seemed batshit crazy as Richie put it, but Ben felt otherwise. Although not much of a believer, he had always liked the genesis story he had learned in sunday school which had something heartwarming, reassuring. But this was different. It felt cold, dark. And weird. It did not make him think of the first, warm sunrise at the dawn of creation and the chirping of the first bird. It made him think of grey, sluggish things with protuberant eyes floating in jars in dimly lit cellars...

For the ever impatient Richier Tozier this was going on too long.

"Would you please excuse me for a minute, professors? I go take a leak."

"Yah."

"Whatever."

"Anybody wanna assist? Eds?"

"What?!"

"Hold little Richard for me?"

"Get lost! For Christ's sake, can't you even go to the bathroom without making a sleazeshow of it?"

Eddie dismissed his friend angrily and turned his attention back to that strangely fascinating yet unintelligible text.

Stan's marginal notes, all in his typical neat, lucid handwriting did not provide much help, either.

They consisted of biblical quotes like 'The blood is the life!', odd calculations and seemingly unconnected musings like 'Need more meat!'

One of the longer ones read: "Sugg. Wilbur: Every letter is related to a limb of the body... Chant the vowels in order, without pause..."

"Who the heck is Wilbur?" demanded Ben.

"Not the new janitor is he?"

Eddie shuddered. Mr. Marsh had been a creep and a dirty bastard for sure, but this guy was a class of his own. This freakishly large dude with a face like a goat and that unnaturally deep, droning voice made him shiver.

"I saw them together after classes last week or so" remembered Ben.
"But I have no idea what they were talking about."

"Hey guys!" shouted Richie from down the hall. "Come over here! You have to see this!"

"We don't want to see it!" his friends voiced in unison, but they still walked over, just in case Richie might in fact have something to show them, that was not related to his genitalia.

"Now if that is Stanley Uris` idea of romantic decorum, I'm beginning to understand why that chick walked away on him!"

The sight that befell Ben and Eddie upon entering the bathroom might indeed have been regarded as the clumsy workings of an awkward and pitifully inexperienced want-to-be Casanova. Stan had arranged not exactly flowers, but... well, herbal stuff everywhere and had even placed candles around the bathtub, like in a cheesy romance movie. Apparently aligned in some sort of pattern, they even had a kind of fragrance to them. But that odor was not all suited to induce any kind of romantic feelings in any sane person. And he could at least have cleaned up the damn room. There was dirt all over. Mainly in the tub, but also in the floor, in the form of footprints.

"Did they take a mudbath or what?" wondered Eddie

"Nah" Ben swiped his finger over the clotted ceramic "That's clay I guess."

He shook his head. "This is leading nowhere. I say we wait for Mike and then get outta here. You can stay at my place if you want. Let's see what tomorrow brings, maybe we will be allowed to see Stan."

V

They sure would not. The screaming, quivering heap that once had answered to the name Stanley Uris would not receive visitors for a long time. Struggling wildly in his straps, head flailing, drool all over his face, the boy was a mere mockery of his former, well restrained self.

Rushing in before any of the doctors or nurses, Bill leaned over the bed, firmly but gently grabbing Stan's face, partly to stop him from spraining his neck, partly to get him to focus.

"It's me. Bill. I'm here" he called, trying to catch Stan's eyes.

"Go away! Run! Run! It..."

Their eyes met and Bill almost fainted at the expression of horror he saw.

"Where..."

"You`re at the hospital it`s allright. Please Stan..."

Someone called out out for syringe and Bill felt hands tugging at him.

"Stan calm down, we`re helping you!" he tried but the heartrending wretch before him

only tore harder at the girths that held him to the bed, trying to force himself up, veins protruding.

"Hungry!"

Beaulieu said something about a higher dose.

"Feed!"

"Feed!"

It was only a few seconds of eyecontact before Bill was yanked away from the bed and shoved outside, but it had left him with a clear impression. He was not a psychiatrist for sure but had always been a keen observer, and what he had seen in Stan`s eyes was not lunacy but sheer, ice cold panic.

Stan had clearly recognized him and reacted to his presence, had tried to convey some sort of message. But what? Only his overwrought, hormone-flooded brain hindered him from speaking coherently. Oh, if there had just been a little more time! But whatever drugs were being pumped into Stan`s veins already began working and the woeful figure sank back into deep, hopefully dreamless slumber.

VI

It made no sense. None of it. For the last hour the three losers all had been sitting in silence, everyone lost in their own musings. Ben had again and again thought through Eddie`s ad hoc theory. It was not that bad. Stan might have felt cornered by everybody`s constant questioning about this probably made up girlfriend and Richie `s not always so harmless banter. Maybe he was just desperate and saw no

other way out. But the way he had done it and all that weird stuff around here did suggest something else. Had Stan simply snapped and gone insane after all? No. All this looked too organized. His notes were not the scatterbrained scribblings of a lunatic. They looked just like the research Stan did for school projects. This was still the intelligent, well organized Stanley Uris from whom Ben had learned so much about how to work efficiently and these notes were just like that. Stan was pursuing a plan obviously. But what on earth?

Ben had sunken into that old fashioned but comfortable armchair, gently massaging his temples while Richie lay on the bed, eyes fixed to the ceiling, his lips silently moving and Eddie just stared out the window.

"Is that Mike down there?" he exclaimed.

"Where?" Richie joined him while Ben did not even look up so deeply had he sunken into concentration.

"Thought I saw someone in the garden" said Eddie, intensely peering out. Out into the tenebrious void. Nightfall had come soon on this misty November evening and the streetlights shone but dimly through the trees on the Uris estate.

"I don't see a thing. It's just dark and foggy. You're sure?"

"Thought so."

"It sure is time he showed up already."

Ben sighed and resumed his rumination. Yeah, it would be nice if Mike where here now. So they could go home. This place began to give him the creeps somehow. Deserted by it's rightful inhabitants and after that tragedy, it had all the feeling of a spookhouse.

The Backdoor opened and someone shuffled in.

"There he is at last. Ey Mike!" Richie jelled. "We're up here, move your lazy ass!"

There was no answer, only heavy, plump footfalls ensued. Farmboots possibly. Ben sunk back and his musings took a different direction.

Footprints in Clay. Clay on the bathroom floor.

After a good while, the footfalls reached the staircase.

"Man, is he lame or what?"

Scented candles, stumps of them. They had burned for a while.

Steps in the hallway.

The Book of the Forming.

Clay.

The blood is the life.

"What is he lingering around?" wondered Eddie.

"Farmboy can't find his way in cityhouse" intonated Richie in a godawful Tarzan voice, only to change to an even worse hillbilly impersonation. "What are these things you're wearing on your feet?"

"Mike! We're in here! Come on!"

Ben still sat in that armchair, motionless, eyes shut, the pale moon shining a cold light on his face. Thoughts still slowly crawling. Always crawling around in circles.

Clay. Creation. The blood is the life. Need meat...

Then it hit him. All of a sudden his brain began to rush and everything fell into place. Ben's eyes fell open. His head jerked up at the sound of Richie opening the door and panic rushed through his head.

"Close that freaking...!"

It was too late. The thing that bulged in on them was not exactly a girl nor even even quite human. But it's teeth provided an answer to what had become of Mike.